Why Prince Louis was "Shunted," page 1818.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

Why Prince Louis of Battenberg was Shunted: a Royal Scapegoat for a Naval Failure.

So Prince Louis has been "sacrificed," without a single fact ever having been adduced to show that he was unworthy the high position which he held in the confidence of the State. All that was necessary to say in favour of a great man who had the world against him was said in these columns last week. But his Serene Highness preferred that his country should prove ungrateful rather than any doubt exist in the public mind as to his loyalty and unabated keenness to see this country through the war. Curiously enough, if any single circumstance had been required to demonstrate the proofs which we afforded last week that no one in the Empire has greater cause to be staunch to Old England than the Battenberg family, that circumstance arrived before our printed sheets were dry, in the news of the death from his wounds of Prince Maurice of Battenberg, the youngest son of Princess Henry, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter. Whether it be true or not that "the Battenbergers owe everything to England," it is certain they have done their utmost to demonstrate their gratitude. Which is more than many of those who are under obligation to them can say.

* * *

The Lie which has been put upon the Royal Admiral.

Now, having done our best to show the public the wickedness of any display of ill-feeling to the Battenbergers, owing to their semi-German origin, when their whole lives have been spent in the service of this country, perhaps we may be pardoned if we give for the first time the secret history of the naval animosity to Prince Louis which culminated in the *Globe's* tirades against him. The *Globe*, it may be mentioned, supposes itself to be an authority on the Navy, and most people, you know, are "valued at their own estimation." The reason Prince Louis came under a sort of a ban was in consequence of a malicious report in the Navy that he was in some way or other responsible for the escape of the German cruisers *Goeben* and *Breslau* up the Dardanelles. I have heard this matter discussed a score of times in the clubs during the last month, but I have never yet heard a single fact in proof of the assertion.

* * *

How the "Goeben" got away from Sir Berkeley Milne.

Moreover, I have the best authority for stating that Prince Louis had absolutely nothing at all to do with the *Goeben* or the *Breslau*. The secret story of the escape of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* was narrated in these columns at the time, and how Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne came home; gave a full account of the escape of the German cruisers to King George; was officially exonerated from any blame; and his battleships at once sent up the North Sea to take part in the Battle of the Bight, while the Mediterranean was handed over to a French admiral.

As my readers will remember, Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne had the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* in the hollow of his hand, securely bottled up between "Gib." and Port Said, with escape impossible. That the neutral exit from capture by the British (the Dardanelles) would be opened wide by the Sultan of Turkey never once entered Sir Berkeley Milne's head—nor that of any other admiral for that matter—and had this not been done by the wretched Turkish Sultan, the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* would have long since hoisted the Union Jack.

* * *

Justice by means of another Scrap of Paper.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, though directing the nation's naval affairs from the Admiralty, had absolutely nothing at all to do with the *Goeben* or the *Breslau*, and seeing that King George officially exonerated Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne in connection with these vessels, we think it time that distinguished Admiral was allowed to contravene the Naval regulations for once, and thus be permitted to set Prince Louis right with the world. Sir Berkeley Milne, if allowed, could do that simple act of justice by a mere "scrap of paper"!

* * *

Kaiser's Nastiest Snub comes from a Woman.

They say Von Moltke is dying, largely owing to the snubs administered him by the Kaiser because he failed to get Paris. His Imperial Majesty himself not long ago fainted at one of his Councils in Berlin; and poor Prince Oscar has not yet recovered from the heart attack which seized him when he saw the Prussian Guards slaughtered by the Household troops from London. The Kaiser's own "Grand Entry" into France at Nancy was abruptly put an end to by his picked troops being suddenly turned about and placed on the run by hidden forces of French infantry; and the Crown Prince's epicurean dinner in Paris must now be quite cold. Mad Bill has had snubs galore during the last two months, and, personally, I don't think he will survive the campaign. But perhaps the nastiest cut of all came from no less unexpected a quarter than—a woman!

* * *

The Crown Prince on his Hands and Knees to his future Ma-in-Law.

This redoubtable lady was no other than the mother of the Crown Prince's wife, Grand Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Proudly she announced through the Russian official *Court Circular* that henceforth she would be known only by her own title as a Russian princess. This was not the first time, of course, that the only daughter of Tsar Alexander the Second has given the Kaiser "one in the eye!" Time was when her Imperial Highness actually threatened to break off her daughter's engagement to the German Crown Prince. And lest the whole Hohenzollern family be made to look silly, the Crown Prince had to rush off to Nice, and go on his hands and knees to Grand Duchess Marie before she would calm down again. Her pert renunciation of her adopted German nationality must have been a nasty one for Bill.

* * *

Not Likely to be Seen in Schwerin Again.

For Duchess Marie it may be added that her renunciation was not specifically occasioned by the war. The war was merely the excuse for the renunciation. Grand Duchess Marie always hated the Germans, and the folk in Schwerin never forgave her saying to the late Grand Duke, "Why do you persist in living in this dull little Schwerin? I refuse to remain any longer!" And off she went to Nice, where she lived almost continuously for the next twenty years. And Schwerin will never see her again.

The Queen of Spain, her Deceased Brother, and her Babies.

Most people have wondered why the name of the King of Spain has never been heard since the European War broke out. Now we know why. Queen Victoria is a delicately-minded though robust young matron, and with a baby "on the way" it was obviously desirable to keep the shocks of war from her Majesty as much as possible. Everybody knows, of course, that the death of King Edward gave her the shock that killed one of her baby sons before it came into the world. It nearly killed her Majesty, too. So Sunny Spain should feel seriously grateful to the Almighty that He gave Queen Ena her fourth son a few hours *before* the death of her brother Maurice at the front, instead of a few hours after. For Queen Victoria Eugenie has been more than a mother to the Spaniards—she has been a very heroine. Not many people realise this perhaps. The reasons are as follows.

* * *

Why the Queen of Spain is so Honoured South of the Pyrenees.

Owing to various Spanish monarchs meddling with the Salic Law, Spain has always suffered from questions of the succession to its throne. Napoleon brought a period of peace to Spain in 1808 by placing his brother Joseph at Madrid. Joseph Bonaparte reigned till 1813, and then trouble began afresh. King Ferdinand VII., having begot a daughter by his fourth wife, abolished the Salic Law so that she might succeed him, and as soon as he was dead his brothers, Don Carlos and Don Francisco, fomented a war which lasted seven long years, and decimated Spain. When the recalcitrant Dons escaped to France more trouble followed, owing to Marshal Espartero taking the power out of the hands of the young Isabella's mother, Queen Christina.

* * *

Poor Old Spain Always in Trouble.

When the insurrections in numerous towns were put down, a revolution followed which fired Espartero out of office. More trouble followed the marriages of Queen Christina and her sister, chiefly owing to the latter having married one of old King Louis Phillipe's sons, the Duke of Montpensier, and the British Ambassador had to leave Madrid. More reactionary measures were necessitated, and another insurrection (on the part this time of the military) again placed Espartero in power. General Prim was the leader of the next military insurrection, and when Senor Bravo secured office more fighting took place, ending up with the Revolution which drove Queen Christina from Spain for ever. She died in 1904, after thirty years of exile in Paris. The Spanish crown then went a-begging, and the candidature of one of the Hohenzollerns brought about the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. Spain's troubles over the succession thus made themselves felt all over Europe.

* * *

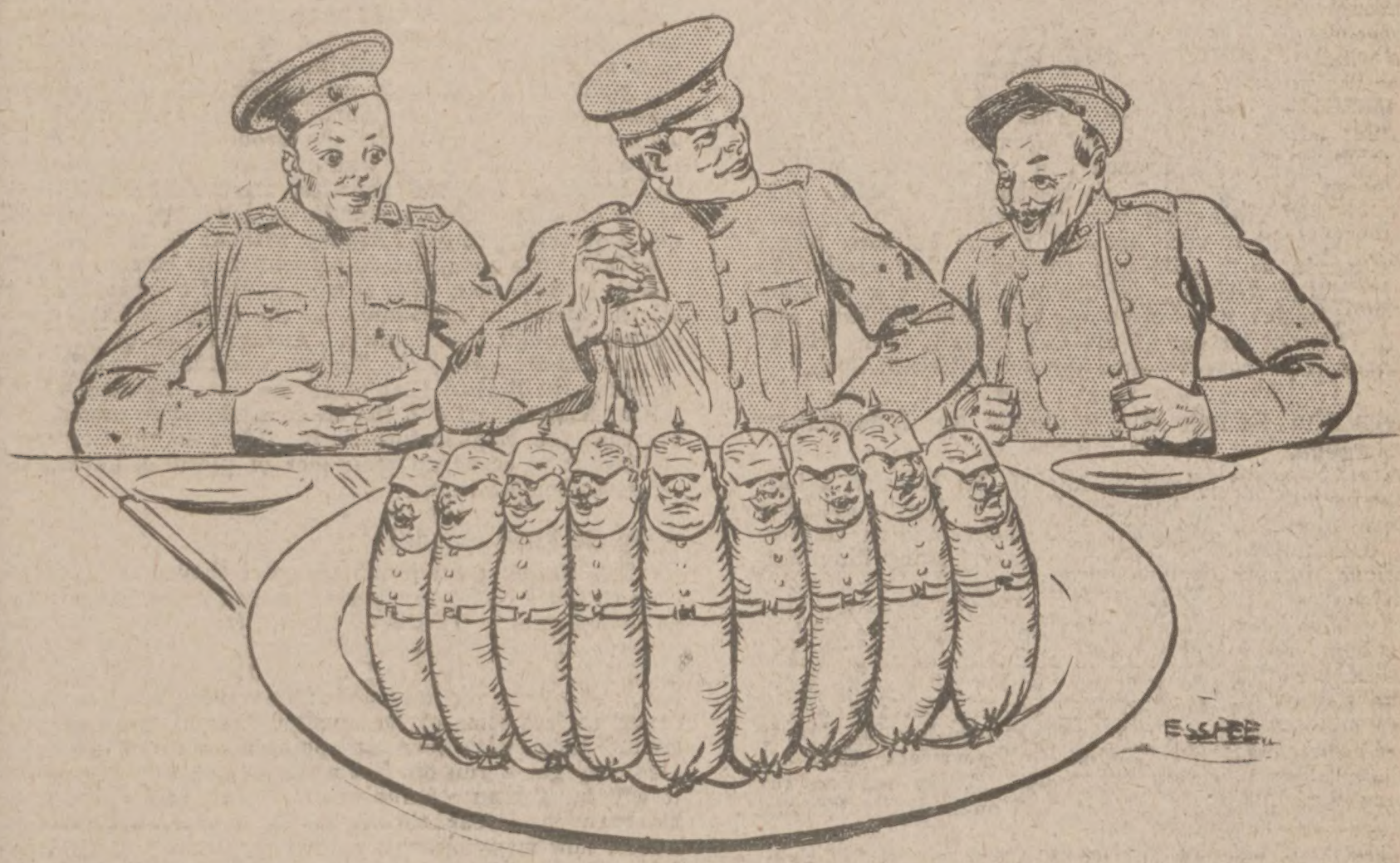
Ena of Battenberg Solves Spain's Century-old Trouble.

The succession difficulty was solved for a time by an Italian prince with a morganatic wife (whom the Spanish nobility would not call upon) accepting the throne, which he was jolly glad to get quit of after a brief space, and then Spain invited Queen Isabella's only son to come back to his own. He was the father of the present King, Alfonso XIII., and as, right up to the day of young Alfonso's birth, the country was menaced by the adherents of Don Carlos (and still is by his son Jaime), every man, woman and child in Spain has good cause to bless the young English Sovereign who has solved the trouble that has brought death and misery beneath every roof from Seville to the Pyrenees. Prince Maurice and his sister were devotedly attached, and we sincerely hope no unfortunate circumstances will arise in Spain as the result of his death.

* * *

What Britain Owes to Sir Edward Grey.

I am glad to see that wherever the picture of Sir Edward Grey is exhibited amongst the famous figures of the war it receives the cheers which are the Right



DISHED!

Tommy Atkins: "Well peppered, comrades?"

AT THE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Client: "Yes, I certainly like the look of the little widow. What about her character?"
Agent (looking up ledger): "Guaranteed for one year, Sir."

Honourable Baronet's just due. Readers of *Modern Life* know how Sir Edward Grey six weeks ago saved this country what might have proved a *débâcle*, by negotiating a famous treaty by which France is unable to lay down her arms without the consent of the other Powers who are fighting with her. This treaty ensures to us that we can always engage the German forces on French soil, whereas if the French had made an ignominious peace, rather than see Paris bombarded, Britain's difficulty in prosecuting her war upon Germany would have been increased to such an extent that Germany might have forced us to relinquish the task. Our revelations of Sir Edward Grey's wonderful diplomacy were absolutely exclusive, and have never been contradicted. And when the real history of the war is writ, there will be a national panegyric passed upon Sir Edward Grey.

* * *

When the French Nearly Made an Ignominious Peace.

I am reminded of this by Miss J. M. Watson, a lady of Ottawa, who has been a prisoner in Berlin with her sister, and now contributes to the *Canadian Gazette* an account of her experiences. Among many illuminating things from Berlin she says: "So Belgium is pitied now, and England hated. As to France, they say that it is in a terrible plight, too, through the same culprit, England. The Germans declare that *if the English had not made a treaty to prevent the French making peace they would have done so long ago!*" So, you see, if the hidden facts about the Anglo-Franco-Russian Treaty are too deep for the London leader-writers, they are obvious enough to the Berliners. Berlin realises far better than London what England owes to Sir Edward Grey.

* * *

Why the Kaiser Consented to the Bombardment of Antwerp.

Miss Watson also confirms my story of the failure of the German troops to take Antwerp by assault, as the Kaiser had ordered. It will be remembered that I stated, apropos of Lord Lonsdale's bet of a thousand pounds to a fiver that Tommy Atkins will retake Antwerp at the point of the bayonet within six months, that the Kaiser refused to allow Antwerp to be bombarded by his troops, owing to his having aroused the hostility of the whole world by his wanton destruction of Rheims and Louvain. I stated that after the Germans had tried over a hundred infantry assaults on Antwerp, and wasted ten days trying to get Antwerp without bombarding it, the Kaiser was compelled to consent to its bombardment.

Now Miss Watson tells us that in Berlin it is said that all the atrocities attributed to the Belgians have been caused through the English. *Antwerp had only to be bombarded because of the English, and that it is officially reported* (in Berlin) that after the outer fortresses had fallen, King Albert and the citizens wished to surrender, but that the English forbade it. Thus do the Germans endeavour to cover up their lack of pluck in having to resort to bombardment.

* * *

"Up Go Their Hands!"

"The Germans are great cowards; they don't give us time to shoot them, for as soon as you go near them up go their hands." This is an excerpt from the war narrative of a simple trooper of the North Irish Horse (Dick McIlwaine) to a friend in Lurgan. It is always the same tale. The Germans have got the numbers, and they are forced to face some of the music by having their officers behind them with revolvers pointed at their backs in case they get a run on, but when it comes to the pinch it will be Tommy Atkins who will finish this war with his bayonet. Bear this in mind, reader. It doesn't matter how many millions the Germans can put into the field. They will all go down before Tommy Atkins's cold steel if Kitchener can but get the three million men he wants. So roll up, lads, while you have the chance to get in amongst the sausage-fed swine from Germany!

Famous Merry Widow Becomes a Very Sad Widow.

Society—Irish Society, anyway—has long presented the spectacle of a smart Irish baronet living on terms of sweet felicity with one of the belles of the stage as his lady, and, rarest thing of all, being received by his peers and neighbours with open arms. That is a romance which has now been ended by this appalling war. Sir Richard Levinge, tenth baronet of Knockdrin Castle by Mullingar, loyally went back to his old regiment, the "First Life," as soon as his chance came with the war in August, and he has fallen into a soldier's grave on the Belgian coast, leaving poor Irene Desmond, the one-time Merry Widow and Belle of Mayfair, to mourn his loss.

* * *

Piccadilly's Own Baronet Salted on the Coast.

Rene's little three-year-old son is not quite the youngest baronet in Britain, however, Sir Hugh Rose, who has also fallen on the Belgian coast, having left a son a few months old only. Sir Richard Levinge's courting of Irene Desmond (whose real name was Pix) was highly romantic, and the gay baronet had to win his pretty bride by real lover-like perseverance, British noble though he was. The Levinges sprang to fame with a Levinge who was Solicitor-General in Ireland, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Justice of the Common Pleas two centuries ago. The new baby baronet is first cousin to Sir Richard Sutton, the rich young baronet who owns the club sites in Piccadilly, and who is also one of the victims of the terrific Battle of the Coast, with somewhat severe wounds.

* * *

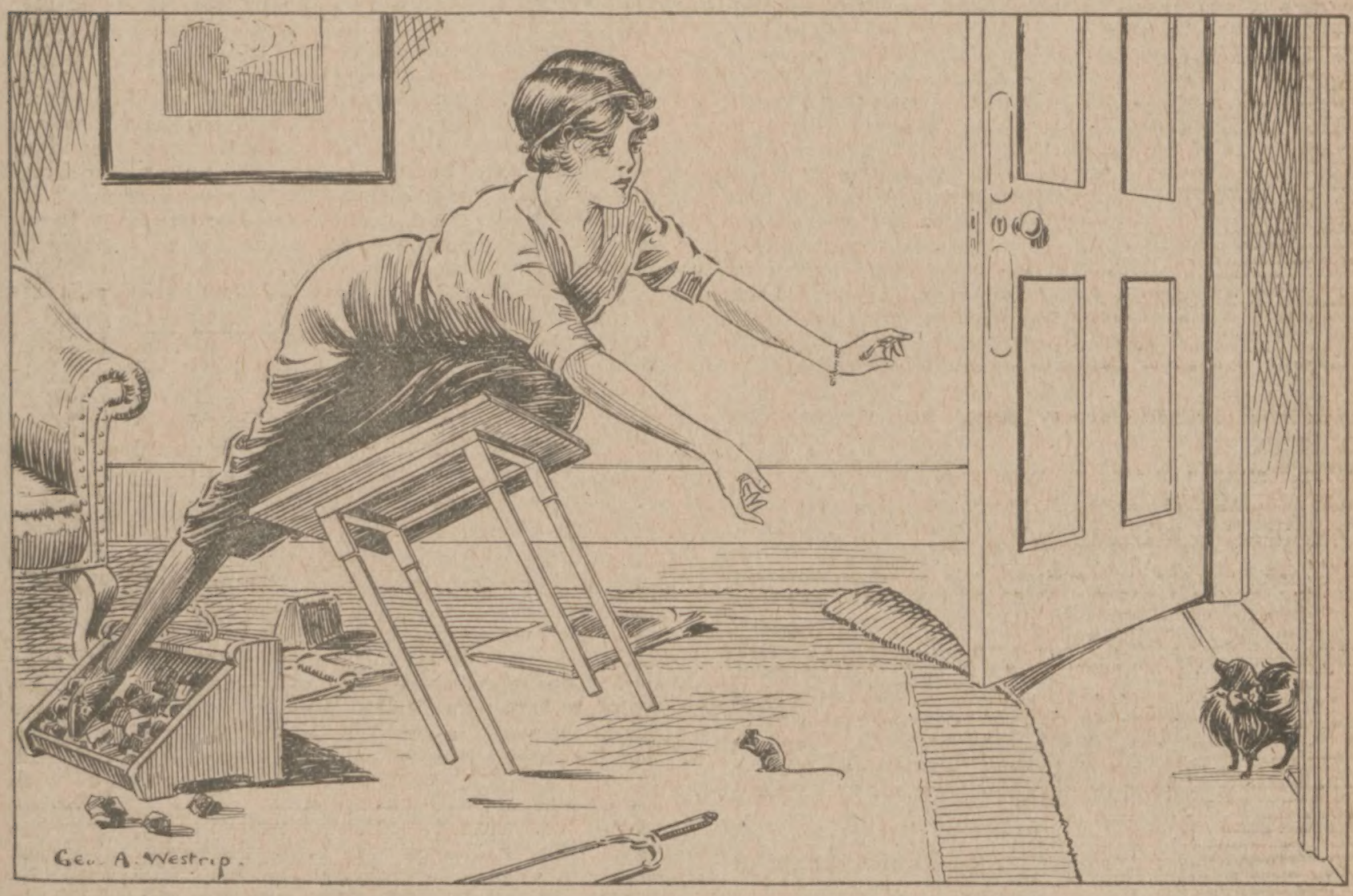
"Who was Lord Rees?"

An esteemed reader desires me to provide her with the "names of the aristocratic families who descend from the Lord Rees who figures so much in Welsh history." It is unfortunately my misfortune to be peculiarly ignorant of everything Welsh, and my knowledge of "Lord Rees" is nil. No such person, however, has ever been known at Heralds' College, and no "Lord Rees" ever entered the charmed circle of British aristocracy. That is not to say there never was anybody known as Lord Rees, of course, any more than there was never anybody named Lord Bacon. The only aristocratic Welsh family of the Rees, Rhys, or Rice clan is Lord Dynevor's people, whose claims to long descent put to shame the greater part of the House of Lords. His Lordship has in his possession an illuminated pedigree of his family, drawn up and attested by Ralph Brooke, who was York Herald in 1600, and continued by other hands down to the present day.

* * *

A Little Rub for Lord Dynevor, but "all in good part!"

From this it would appear that the founder of the Dynevor family was Uryan Regd, Lord of Kidwelly and various other unpronounceable places in South Wales, who married Margarete La Faye, daughter of the Prince of Cornwall, and half-sister to King Arthur. It will thus be seen that the folk whose ancestors "came over with the Conqueror" are mere social mushrooms compared with the Rices. Uryan was ancestor of Sir Elidir Dhu, a knight of Cœur de Lion's time, who, in his turn, had a great-grandson, Griffith ap Nicholas, and so we get by easy stages to a more prosaic Griffith Rice, of Newton, M.P., of King William's and Queen Anne's time, whose grandson was the first Lord Dynevor, and from whom the present and seventh Lord Dynevor is descended. His Lordship suffered a good deal from his eyes soon after his marriage to the Earl of Jersey's daughter, and he and his wife paid several visits to Pagenstecher at Wiesbaden on this account. Henceforth Lord Dynevor will find all the oculists he requires in England, if there aren't any in Wales.



SAVED!

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

EXIT PRINCE LOUIS.

The agitation against Prince Louis of Battenberg was not, on the whole, a thing of which Englishmen have cause to be proud, although there is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question that has been raised. Those, of course, who talk such infernal nonsense as that Prince Louis is a traitor, that he has been giving away secrets to Germany, that he has even been secretly locked up in the Tower, only deserve to be despised as foolish and ignorant gossips. They themselves ought to be locked up in the Tower till the war is over, or, perhaps better still, in a lunatic asylum. The drivelling nonsense with which they have been filling the clubs and public-houses of the country for many weeks past is enough to give any Englishman who has not lost all his self-respect a feeling of physical nausea. There is no more honourable man living than Prince Louis. There is no greater certainty on earth—except perhaps death and rent day—than that he was serving his country at the Admiralty, and would have continued to serve it, with the extremest devotion of which any patriot is capable. To say otherwise is to say that the men who have followed the career of Prince Louis from his boyhood till his sixtieth year are blithering idiots who have not the most elemental knowledge of character and the study of character. To say otherwise is to say that the whole caboodlum of the British Government, from the King downwards, is a caboodlum of either terrific traitors or drivelling imbeciles, who allowed the British Navy to go straight to hell, or, at any rate, to get under the control of a man who would take it straight to hell.

But although Prince Louis goes into retirement with the sympathy of all honourable men, it is earnestly to be hoped that never again will anybody but an Englishman be given the highest position in the British Navy. It was a scandalous thing, in my humble opinion, to hound Prince Louis of Battenberg out of his great position after he had spent the whole of a longish life in obtaining that position by merit, and not by Royal favour. But it would not have been a scandalous thing to have prevented his ever attaining to the position from which he has had to retire under such humiliating circumstances. It would have been a very sensible thing. How on earth British statesmen, with, presumably, intellects above the common order, and a knowledge of British character and British history, and, further, a knowledge that, sooner or later, we were bound to be at war with Germany, could allow a German Prince, however English by education and marriage, to get on to the Board of Admiralty at all, is indeed one of those things that no fellow can understand. At the back of the mind of every Englishman is a pride in his Navy that almost amounts to worship of its traditions and of the British Admirals who represent these traditions. Our admiration and our love for the traditions and achievements of our Army are very great and very wonderful, and they deserve to be very great and very wonderful. But they have to give way to a veritable passion for the sea and the ships and the sailors who have built up our Empire for us—a passion with which every fibre of every Englishman's body and soul has been impregnated from the days when he first heard of Nelson and the Nile, and built his ships of sand upon the sunny shores of childhood's happy days. And the real psychological reason why the presence of Prince Louis of Battenberg at the head of the Board of Admiralty was strongly objected to by large numbers of Englishmen was, not that they mistrusted him, but that he did not typify to them the spirit of England, the spirit of Nelson, in which they had been born and bred, and which had become to them, in a very literal sense, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. This was the real reason at the back of the sub-conscious minds of those who have been so unfairly reviling Prince Louis during the past few weeks. It was an honourable reason, expressed in a somewhat dishonourable manner, but partly so expressed because the average Englishman is apt, owing to his ignorance of psychology, to do himself less than justice in his methods of government and in his strivings for success on the political or martial battlefields upon which he fights. The average Englishman did not (although he thought he did) mistrust Prince Louis because he was a foreigner. He simply, and naturally, objected to him because he was not an Englishman.

The British Government have, however, pulled themselves together with a vengeance by appointing Lord Fisher to the position so ably filled by Prince Louis of Battenberg. If they had been allowed by Providence to manufacture a human being specially fitted for the duties of a First Sea Lord at the present time, they could not have manufactured a man more ideally fitted for the position than the strong and pugnacious-looking sailor who is known throughout the British Navy as "Jackie" Fisher. He illustrates to perfection the type of Englishman delineated in that famous, if unpoetic, song, "The Boys of the Bulldog Breed." Lord Fisher is an Englishman. He looks like an Englishman. He will fight like an Englishman. And if the British Navy, under his control, is destined—which God forbid—to suffer disaster, every Englishman will at any rate be able to hand down to posterity the truthful message that we went down with the flags flying and with the satisfaction of having chosen as the head of our Navy the greatest English sailor of our day—perhaps one of the greatest sailors of all time. We should not have been able to say that, if we had gone under with a foreign prince in control of our battleships. We should not have had an absolutely clear conscience to hand down to the posterity that will want to know all about this war—why we went into it, how we conducted it, why we lost it, or how we won it.

But there is no need to imagine for a moment—except for the purpose of illustrating one's ideas—that either the British Navy or the British Army is going to go under in this war, if we one and all put our backs into it. We have two really great Englishmen at the head of our fighting forces now. Yet we have got to remember that if they are not given the means of victory, victory will not be theirs, victory will not be ours, honour will be theirs, dishonour will be ours. The Navy is all right. We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too, as the old song used to say. But the Army is not all right, and it would be treason in the present circumstances to say that it is. It is not all right, because it is too small—that is the only thing that is wrong with it. I have said this before in these columns. Every newspaper in England has said it. But it is necessary to say it again and again if our Army, as well as our Navy, is to have the right message to hand down to posterity—the only message that posterity will require—that we did our best and left the rest to the gods. And that our best means victory we have no reason to doubt, with Lord Kitchener and Lord Fisher to guide our destinies.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

Monsieur Vandervelde: "The Kaiser is not Napoleon." This on the principle *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

* * *

An article by Mr. George Robey on "Music Halls" begins: "It is war time." Ever up-to-date in his gags is George.

* * *

"Srpskog Kralja Srpski Rod," we learn, is the title of the Serbian National Hymn. Now we understand why, at the outbreak of war, one of our contemporaries shouted: "To H—ll with Serbia."

* * *

One of the survivors of the "Hawke":—

If there's anything under heaven I want, it's the chance of a smack back.
But a cruiser would get him there quicker.

* * *

"God bless the soldier who sleeps in these blankets," was written on a piece of paper pinned to one of the blankets sent to the London Irish Rifles. "God help the soldier who wears these," should be the inscription on some of the shirts which Sister Susie is sewing.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Is there not a pretty romance connected with Lady Sarah Wilson's "operations" among the wounded troops at the front? And whether she misses General Baden-Powell now that he is married and a homebird?

* * *

Is it true that the French are hurriedly manufacturing a new gun which will knock spots off Krupp's best?

* * *

Why Mr. George Edwardes has chosen Bournemouth in which to recuperate, and if he anticipates encountering any more promising "flappers"?

* * *

If the wife of a certain Cabinet Minister is not giving her lord and master (?) a very uncomfortable time of it on account of his refusal to take her into his confidence over a little matter connected with the War Office?

* * *

If a well-known Hampshire gentleman has decided not to hunt this season for fear of one of his horses being commandeered at a meet?

* * *

Whether it was not very charming of Princess Henry of Battenberg to immediately offer her brother-in-law her house in the Isle of Wight wherewith to hide himself from his country's ingratitude? And whether Prince Louis will be seen again in town until the war is over?

* * *

What will become of all the unbagged pheasants this Christmas? And exactly how many thousands of brace is King George sending to the hospitals for wounded soldiers?

* * *

If some of the wounded knuts are not having the time of their lives in the coverts just now with the guns?

* * *

Whether the Charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimea was advertised as effectively as was the London Scottish's touch-up on the Aisne the other day? And whether so much boosting of one small event is judicious, when the whole regular army has been doing so many unnoticed deeds of valour?

* * *

Whether it was not a piece of real tact on the part of Field-Marshal Sir John French to see that this wasn't a "Highlanders' War"?

* * *

If it is not time that the gallant deeds of some of our inconspicuous line regiments like the Lincolnshires and the Oxford Light Infantry were more graphically recorded?

THE TOPICAL TOUCH.

Scene: Club Row, Dog Mart (Whitechapel).
Time: Sunday morning.

Vendor of Bull Pups: "Buy a hemblem of the Hempire, Guv'nor?"

If the rounding-up of aliens is not imposing a severe strain, mental and physical, upon the members of our detective force?

* * *

How is the Board of Trade dealing with the innumerable German "British Consuls" who represent our trade interests in various parts of the world?

* * *

Whether the attitude towards religion of a very distinguished soldier whose death was announced last week, was not a cause of much anxiety to his friends?

* * *

What price the big new gun whose "trials" made our windows rattle last week?

* * *

Have not the successful exploits of the *Emden* been greatly aided by our unpreparedness in wireless telegraphy, and is it not curious that the newspapers which did most to "dish" and delay the Marconi contract are now the loudest in their complaints about the German raider?

* * *

Which of our peace politicians is now commonly referred to as "the quick-change artist"?

* * *

If the powers that be are likely to turn a deaf ear to the popular protest against the wholesale closing of "pubs" at ten o'clock?

* * *

If the French Academy's splendid compliment to M. Maeterlinck is to be followed by a tribute to the great Belgian writer from English men of letters?

* * *

What his audience thought of a noted Catholic preacher's attack on the memory of Nelson?

* * *

If "theatrical effect" has not been slightly too conspicuous in the famous spy court-martial?

* * *

Whether there are not going to be some dreadful scandals at Bedford in six or seven months' time? And whether it would not be wiser to take the troops in training over to France, and let them "operate" on French soil?

* * *

How many of the khaki boys keep Lord Kitchener's advice about the girls in mind? And if some of the flappers in the Herts, Beds, and Bucks training camps do not deserve a good slapping?

* * *

Whether Scotland will see King George again for the next five years?

* * *

Why are the Canadian troops on Salisbury Plain not allowed to have daily or weekly newspapers in camp?

TABLOID TOPICS.

Milestones is once more "on the road."

* * *

Another miscalculation—chasing the "Badger," and getting a ram.

* * *

Latest war news: "Italy joins Austria." If you don't believe it, look at the map.

* * *

The lack of news concerning De Wet would seem to indicate that he has dried up.

* * *

We would rather see the Germans' warships in action than their warships' inaction.

* * *

The great Zeppelin raid, of which we have heard so much, looks like dissolving into thin air.

* * *

We are told that the Kaiser is suffering from chronic insomnia. Is he afraid of being caught napping?

* * *

The Kaiser is now posing as "a child of Mahomet." No one is likely to dispute his confession of puerility.

* * *

We make no complaint about the darkening of London, but the lights in the L.C.C. cars do give us the blues.

* * *

The English waiter is not sufficiently servile for our hotel managers. Hence Heeps of aliens are being engaged.

* * *

The Transit of Mercury has evoked but small interest. Star-gazing is anything but a craze of the moment. Ask at the 'alls.

* * *

Reports of gloom in Berlin continue to arrive. But surely they ought to be cheerful enough with all those comic papers.

* * *

"Kaiser tries Esperanto" (headline in a daily paper). His many set-backs have doubtless exhausted his stock of expletives.

* * *

"Is your hair bankrupt?" asks a firm of thatchers. If it is, you are advised, on the like-cures-like principle, to wash it in solvent.

* * *

A newspaper published an article last week on "The New Spirit in Russia." They have soon got busy finding a substitute for vodka.

* * *

Why the hard-working Egyptian peasant should fight against benevolent England to secure Turkish mis-rule is a thing no *fellah* can understand.

* * *

The captured American oiltank, "Brindilla," has been released. At one time it looked as though it would make troubled waters for our diplomats.

* * *

"We shall lead their navy a dance when it does come out" (extract from a sailor's letter). We hope it will be the old English dance, the sinkapace.

* * *

The wheels of much of the motor-transport captured from the enemy show signs of great wear and tear. No wonder they are continually having to re-tyre.

* * *

The enemy may pretend to have contempt for our army, but we suspect that it was for quite different reasons that they "turned their backs" upon it.

WAR RELICS.

Mr. Joe Sharpe, the special correspondent of the *Daily Wirepuller*, writes an account of some of the exhibits in the London Museum for the issue of September 14th, 1950. Below we give an extract from his story:—

. . . . "The most interesting section of this museum," continued our guide, "is that devoted to the exhibits connected with the amazing three years' war of 1914-1917. Some of these move us with peculiarly sad feelings. Here, for instance," and he pointed to one of a series of globular glass cases, "is one of

The Kaiser's Moustaches. This was publicly cut off by the order of General French in the Unter den Linden, after the occupation of Berlin by the Allies. Its brother half is unfortunately missing, as it was so badly singed by Admiral Jellicoe, just as Drake of old singed the King of Spain's beard, as to be useless for exhibition purposes. It will be observed that it does not conform to the noble upturned and imperial twist that portraits of that time credit it with, but we have it on the unimpeachable contemporary evidence of "Punch" that when snipped it presented the woeful droopy and bedraggled appearance that it wears now." I was granted the privilege of examining this exhibit, and found it unlike most moustaches, the hair being coarse and stiff, like hog bristles.

"*The Kaiser's Helmet*," our guide proceeded, "formerly occupied the recess by the bay window, but it took up too much space, and has since been removed to the crypt of St. Paul's, where it lies side by side with Kruger's hat and Bible. Here are some remarkably interesting items,

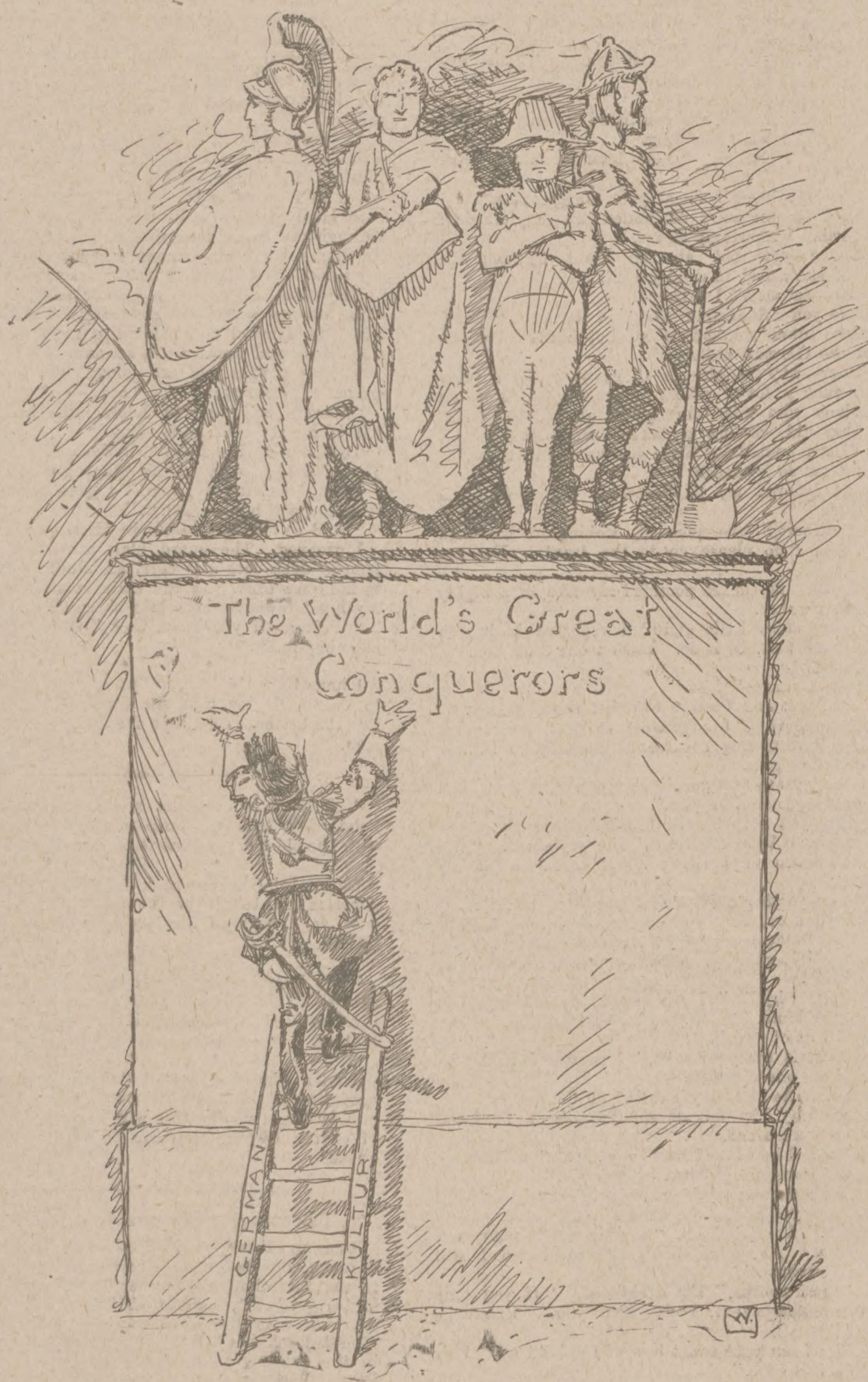
Scraps of Paper, treaties, etc., which the German Chancellor of that time said were the whole cause of the war. You note their insignificant and disreputable appearance, and yet it was—eh, what! Oh, yes, I'm sorry, my mistake. I beg your pardon, these are not the treaty papers I was referring to. These are some of those artistic Treasury pound notes which were issued by that historic figure Earl George, who was not at that time raised to the peerage. Those? Ah, yes, very interesting indeed. That is a case of

Telegrams which weigh several hundredweight. You know, of course, that after the peace of '17, when it was proved beyond a doubt that Wilhelm was but a natural slightly off his balance, and thinking that he was Julius Cæsar, Alexander, and Napoleon reincarnated in one person, that he was exiled to a nursing home in the Scilly Isles, there to be tended until he recovered. Poor fellow, he never got better. The shock of having his moustache removed proved too much for him. He continued to write poetry and send confidential telegrams and marconigrams to God, but these never reached their destination. He seemed happy enough, however, and was always singing until he croaked. His favourite song was "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," which seemed to have got fixed into his head somehow." I took the liberty of examining some of these writings, and found them well worth the trouble. One message, the meaning of which I could not comprehend, ran, "My heart bleeds for Louvain." Another read "My soul is pierced for Rheims." A third was inscribed, "Good old God! We've done it between us." Meanwhile our guide had proceeded to the further end of the room, and when I arrived he was explaining that the central case contained specimens of the national food of the now extinct Germans. The most curious was a strange compound labelled

German Sausage, patriotically shaped like those Zeppelin airships which proved so useless during the war. Our guide explained, "When, after the war, the consumption of German sausage was forbidden in these islands, it was found that there was an enormous increase in the number of dogs on that part of the Continent which was once the German Empire, so much so, that a contingent of boy scouts was sent out to destroy those potential soldiers."

M. L.

The Welsh Fusiliers are in want of a goat. No giddy goat. It must be a well-bred butter.



NOT BIG ENOUGH.

"The little more and how great it is!"

—(*Browning*).

A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.

Millicent began it. I met her late one night as I was hurrying to post a letter.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she exclaimed with sudden directness.

I smiled stupidly.

"You callous brute," she continued warmly. "You lazy loafer. You want shooting."

"Millicent," I choked. "Your loving remarks overpower me."

"Reptile. My blood boils at your sluggishness."

I clutched the air as I demanded an explanation. Millicent gazed witheringly at me.

"Why are you not at the front fighting the Germans?" she asked in deadly tones.

"Because—because," I faltered.

"Because you are afraid," she said for me. "Think of all those brave soldiers being shot down. Are you afraid of the German bullets?"

"Well—er—why should—er—I go to be shot when there are such a lot of others to shoot? Think of all the Russians who came through England to France. I know they did, because my second cousin saw them."

"Bah!" she pouted. "Have you no other excuse?"

"Yes; I am so beautiful."

Millicent ignored my last answer. She took up a new attitude.

"Oh, Cuthbert," she pleaded, looking at me with dreamy eyes, "do please go to the front. For my sake."

I weakened. My heart pounded my ribs in a highly satisfactory manner.

"For your sake, little girl?" I repeated in broken accents. "Ah well, be it so. But on one condition."

"And that?"

"Give me a farewell kiss."

She kissed me, and I swore to enlist the next day.

Having done this, I proceeded to post my letter. When I was returning I came across Phyllis leaning on their garden gate.

"I am surprised at you," she commenced mildly. "A fine young man like you."

"Why are you surprised?" I asked flippantly.

"You ought to be at the front," she explained. "Are you not ashamed of hanging about here? What are you doing?"

"I've been posting a letter," I answered weakly.

"Posting letters when you ought to be firing bullets. Cannot I persuade you to fight for your country?"

I saw my opportunity. Leaning forward I took her hand in mine.

"You can, Phyllis," I whispered, as I thoroughly massaged her hand. "For your sake, I will go."

"How brave of you."

"Tush! It is for your sake," I protested modestly. "But give me one kiss before I go."

I got two. The next day I called on Gladys.

"Ask me why I'm not at the front," I fired off directly we were alone.

Gladys looked concerned as to my mental welfare.

"Go on," I encouraged her. "Ask me."

"You are a funny boy," she said tolerantly. "Well then, why are you not at the front?"

"Because," I rattled on, "I only need your encouragement. Ah, Gladys, say the word and I will fight the Germans."

"Oh—er—of course," she exclaimed. "If you only need my encouragement, I give it to you. Please go and fight."

"One kiss from your sweet lips will uphold me. Fair maid, give it to me."

She gave me five. Later on during the day I encountered separately Beatrice, Doris and Louie. They were all willing, on my suggestion, to give me a chaste salute if I enlisted. On each occasion I readily expressed my willingness to do so, and bagged altogether nineteen kisses, not to mention numerous hugs.

The next day I enlisted, and was admitted half price to all the local picture palaces in consequence. At last the day came when we were to move into our training camp.

At the station I arrived with my kit bag, feeling quite a second brother to Kitchener. On the platform most of my comrades were bidding farewell to their wives and sweethearts.

Suddenly I saw Millicent, her eyes shining, coming through the crowd towards me.

"Brave boy," she cooed, throwing her arms around my neck. "I know it is for my sake you are going."

Very nice, I grant you, but at that moment Gladys came up and said the same thing. The two girls were about to demand an explanation from me, when Doris danced up and imprinted a sounding kiss on my cheek.

"For my sake you are going," she announced with pride. "When you come back ——"

"Pardon me," cut in Louie, who had strolled up, "it is for my sake he is going."

To complete the scene, Phyllis and Beatrice arrived. They stared stonily at the other girls.

"Yes," continued Louie, "I gave him several kisses to encourage him to enlist."

"And so did I," chimed in all the others.

I groaned. The guard blew his whistle. I made a frantic dash into my carriage, eluding their attempts to hold me back. As the train steamed away I waved my hand towards them in a sheepish manner.

"Wait until you come back," they all shouted with meaning looks.

* * *

I have been thinking my position over and have come to the conclusion that the sooner I get into the firing line the better. I do hope the Germans are good marksmen.

ARTHUR POLLOCK.

A Belgian horse-dealer has opened a restaurant in Soho. We look for some assurance that he "offered" with the old business before he was on with the new.

* * *

Christabel (the one and only) has been speaking in America on behalf of the allied cause. Her experience as a refugee has probably given her a fellow-feeling.

* * *

"The liner bearing the living *fright* put into port at sunrise" (*Daily Mail*). But so far we are without confirmation of this unofficial report of the Kaiser's capture.

* * *

Under the heading of "Conditional Contraband," according to the *Daily Telegraph*, are included "Forage and feeding suffs." This will not affect our own Suffs, of course, because they are all votaries of the hunger-strike.

Princess Beatrice and Her Soldier Sons.

In connection with the death on the battlefield of Prince Maurice of Battenberg, pathetic interest is attached to the fact that his mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg, recently paid a visit to the London Hospital, carrying with her kind words and little gifts to the wounded soldiers. Few, if any, of the men recognised in the quiet, gracious figure the youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, but it was remarked that at almost every bedside she concluded her little chats with the question, "And did you see anything of the King's Royal Rifles?"—the regiment in which the late Prince Maurice held a lieutenant's commission.

MORE OR LESS.

I Wonder!

The saddest day of the year has been and gone, the day of the dead. If you have lived abroad you will have grown used to seeing everywhere long lines of black-clad people passing soberly through the streets on the first of November, the joyous clash of the flowers they hold contrasting strangely with their mournful clothes. This year, of course, brings its own special significance to the sad day, so that even the reading of all this mournful procession of black and red asters—strange how people seem to appropriate red asters to the dead—was enough to envelop everybody in a mournful veil of gloom, but in a general way this day, set apart for the special remembrance of departed friends, has always had its element of humour for me. What if the dead came back? One is driven to wonder, knowing the frailty of human nature, whether they would really be as welcome as all the little labels tied on to the different wreaths pretend? Wouldn't they upset things just a little bit? The widow who marries again, the husband who takes unto himself another wife, the heir to his dead father's estate, would they all be genuinely pleased if their one-time belongings confronted them again? I wonder!

* * *

Sorry—No Time.

The evening theatre in the day-time business has not turned out a great success. In spite of the shortage in electricity, people still seem to prefer to go Westwards of a night. After all you can't blame them. One day is all too short as it is for our various affairs. The men have their business to attend to—the usual round of clubs and golf and lunches with fat-looking investors or fair-looking members of the opposite sex, who resemble the fat-looking investors in that they are both firmly determined not to give anything away. The women have their homes to look after—the usual round of dressmakers and gossip and novels, and perhaps, with any luck, if there are any men left over, a stray love affair. It is obviously quite impossible to crowd into already crowded hours three hours of a revival with a supper to revive one afterwards. So far as man is concerned, at least, matinees are always off. True, when a man talks of a crowded hour, he generally means a busy five minutes, but you will never get him to admit that he has time to go to the theatre of an afternoon. Time and inclination go hand in hand, you see. The boldest man will shy at taking a hatted woman into the stalls. It generally means trouble all round. It's a funny thing, but the moment you ask a woman to take off her hat she becomes your deadliest enemy. I feel that way myself. Who could take any interest in a problem play if they had to nurse a problem hat as well? Personally, I only enjoy pleasure from seven p.m. on. If you have any before, it's just a troublesome, dull thing shorn of all etceteras in the way of suppers and taxis and interludes. I have long since come to the conclusion that the women who go to the theatre in the afternoon are the women who can't get a man to take them out in the evening. I know it's awfully easy to get a man—to take you in, that is. To get one to take you out—well, that's a different matter altogether.

* * *

Exit Bohemia.

I hope it isn't—although I fear it is—true that Bohemia in London is threatened. Bohemia has always seemed to the majority of us a delightful place where nobody need pay rent, and where red love can be washed down daily and nightly in unlimited red wine. Now somebody has applied the dread word "alien" to Bohemia, and instantly it seems to shrivel up. All the charm of that once magic word is gone. It is one thing to be a Bohemian when to be one means living in a world peopled with golden stars and laughing, dark-eyed women, full of poets who eat everything they can lay hands on except their words, and artists' models in twenty-guinea coats instead of Trilby's old-time uniform. It is one thing to live contentedly and seriously at the Sign of the Three Balls, and bank hopefully on to-morrow, and another to be a Bohemian when it means internment and exile. Bohemia—the word has an ugly sound now.

* *

Mermaids and Mars.

I like the idea of a Christmas ship for all the war kiddies. It's fine to think of Father Christmas sitting red-faced and jolly upon the prow—or would he be on the bridge, do you think?—waving a Christmas tree defiantly at the Kaiser and shouting, "Gee whiz, got you this time, old hoss!" For, of course, he talks with a Yankee accent, this Santa Claus. Let us hope the present ship comes safely to port. Dolls and drums would make poor gifts for mermaids, but the average earth-child wouldn't exchange one of these for a string of those coral ladies' finest pearls. No, if any mermaid is looking for a job let her wave her golden hair as a lure to the sailors on the "Emden." One does not wish them an eternal flirtation with the coral ladies. Still, war is war, and if any mermaid would sit herself upon some warm and golden shore and warble so tunefully of the sea-shells to be found thereon that the navigator fail to navigate, she mightn't get the Iron Cross—true—but she ought to get the Order of the Bath, or something equally illustrious from Neptune. I spoke to him myself once. Fact! It was when we were crossing the Equator, and he seemed a very pleasant-spoken old gentleman with a Cockney accent.

Louise Heilgers.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

He: "What! Another dress bill?"
She: "Well, dear, one must keep the workrooms busy at such times. It's pure patriotism that made me order it."

BY THE WAY.

The wholesale arrests of "potential spies" (to quote the *Daily Mail*) are not without their humour. Quite recently the War Office demanded of a well-known firm of opticians and lens-makers, not a hundred miles from Hendon, why they had not delivered an important order for X-ray lenses, also certain very high quality field-glasses. The reply was: "Because you have arrested four of our German workmen who are experts, and the work unfortunately cannot be completed without them." An immediate search for the arrested men was begun, by official instruction, at the various concentration camps, and eventually they were found at Newbury and brought back by motor-car to London, where they were set at liberty and requested to resume work. History recorded not whether an apology was offered them, but the fact remains that four "alien enemies" (each of whom had been resident in England for upwards of twenty years) are now making lenses once more for the British Army.

* * *

An amazing, as well as amusing, story comes from the Crystal Palace, where 5,000 men of the Royal Naval Division (the newly-formed naval reserve) are quartered. When the brigade took up its quarters there, someone remarked that several of the principal cooks and most of the waiters were Germans. These Germans had, of course, been in the employ of the well-known firm which catered for the Great Glass House for a considerable period before the naval men took up their abode there. They were not specially taken on for the occasion. But could anything be more anomalous than that they should continue to be employed to tend the wants of British sailors? I say anomalous and leave it to others to judge how far the anomaly might, at any rate, have developed into danger in a very odious direction. But, needless to say, this never occurred to the Admiralty. But the patriotic folk of the Crystal Palace neighbourhood have rightly taken it upon themselves to move in the matter, and have sent a petition to Mr. Churchill drawing his attention to the nuisance. The Division, of course, cannot do this for themselves. It will be interesting to hear the result.

Among the "piffle" talked and written of and concerning the war, was a silly yarn to the effect that the railways couldn't be utilised beyond the Russian frontier owing to the "change of gauge." So far from this being the case, the wily German got over the gauge difficulty by the application of a sliding wheel arrangement. By this simple expedient great quantities of rolling stock have been passing continuously over the Polish frontier.

* * *

I can vouch for the following, as I had it from the lips of a long-suffering company commander who is endeavouring to help train the awkward squads of our "Terriers" at ———. "It really is too bad," he said "almost amounting to indiscipline. After 'lights out' they appear to think that the proper thing to do is to keep up a prolonged shouting and singing." I quietly suggested that a good six-mile route march by night might be efficacious. "Well, we haven't tried that yet," he shamefacedly confessed, "and when I gave them a good talking to they up and gave 'Three cheers for the Captain.' What's a fellow to do with men like that?"

* * *

As an improvement on M. Maeterlinck's suggestion of hostage cities—Berlin for Brussels, Hamburg for Antwerp, and so on—might I hint that an even stronger deterrent effect might be produced upon the Vandals by the solemn threat to destroy one of the Kaiser's many palaces as a set-off against each and every one of the towns the Belgian author names. Thereby the Allies would not be punishing the innocent for the crime of the guilty.

* * *

The South African war undoubtedly taught the military authorities a very great deal, but newspapers who have been commenting on the Maritz-Beyers-De Wet rebellion scarcely allow a day to pass without displaying their ignorance of the "sub-continent," and returned South Africans have had many a hearty chuckle of late. I spare you examples which would only be thoroughly appreciated by those who do know South Africa. The point I wish to make now is that reputations made in the Boer War are often of entirely different values in this country and in the country where they were gained. Thus Baden-Powell and his defence of Mafeking are on the other side of the water regarded at their true value—practically nothing (I hasten to add that I do not refer to the magnificent work B.-P. has done in connection with the Boy Scouts). Buller's work, usually regarded as a failure here, is and was highly appreciated in South Africa, and especially in Natal; and De Wet, a veritable bogey-man in this country, shrinks in South Africa to his proper perspective of a capable guerilla leader, obstinate and persistent, but of no particular intelligence, who handled small bodies of burghers with considerable skill in a country with which he was familiar, while his adversaries were not.

* * *

Lots of people just now are turning the patriotic handle with the object of grinding out some benefit for their own pockets, or are otherwise trying to make money out of the fears of their fellow-subjects. A

Here endeth the first lesson.

flagrant example of the latter is the Zeppelin insurance scheme of the *Daily News*, of which that paper ought to be thoroughly ashamed. An amusing specimen of the former type has come to my notice this week. A certain window-cleaning company has issued a circular denouncing a rival firm as of German origin, and proclaiming the true-blue British constitution of their own concern. One sentence is quite delicious:—"By supporting us you will be certain that English window-cleaners are working for England's interests."

* * *

I hear that at Lloyd's they are betting even money that the war will be over by June. There is, of course, no difference of opinion—there or elsewhere, except in Germany—as to how it will end.

* * *

As a rule the Kaiser shines, if at all, as a theorist and not as a man who *does* things. He can, however, manage to keep astride a horse in fairly good style, though there have been occasions when the Imperial rider has been suddenly precipitated to the ground. Such a mishap occurred at a big review not many years ago. The Kaiser's horse was doing the goose-step in the regulation fashion when something went wrong with one of its feet, there was a display of high kicking, and a moment later Wilhelm was rolling in the dust. He was not much hurt, and was looking quite composed when one of the equerries reminded him of an old custom in the German army. This is, that an officer who is thrown from his horse shall provide his regiment with a bowl of wine. The Kaiser said: "Certainly," but pulled rather a wry face when the equerry added that the Kaiser was, of course, an officer in every German regiment. But the Emperor paid up.

* * *

So successful have been the Kaiser's investments that instead of being one of the poorest monarchs in Europe he now possesses a fortune of £20,000,000, which brings him in about a million a year. He has always been on friendly terms with the merchant princes of the Fatherland, and has never been slow to take a financial "tip" from them. His investments have, therefore, turned out extraordinarily well. A large portion of his capital has been invested in England and America, in case he should, one day, be forced to leave Germany. He runs a china works, owns a restaurant, and breeds horses. He also has a big lumber business, and a large interest in a brewery. About four million pounds worth of land is his. But the Kaiser needs all he obtains, for his expenses are enormous. In Germany he has to keep up 40 castles and mansions—few of which he ever visits.

THE LOITERER.

"Have you heard the latest news—war between France and Holland?"
"Impossible! It can't be true!"
"It is. Just look where Belgium is situated on the map."

SPORTING NOTES.

No sporting writer went so near to giving the winners of the last two big Newmarket handicaps—the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire—as myself. Weeks before the race I plumped for Green Falcon for the long race, and everyone who saw the event will admit that he should have won, instead of just getting beaten, as he was hopelessly in the rear until very near home. I also went for Ambassador for the latter handicap, but, unfortunately, Honeywood just managed to "pip" him by a short head. Anyway, both selections showed good profits, backed each way.

The next important event is the Liverpool Cup, run on Friday, November 13th, but I have not the acceptances to hand at the time of penning these notes. Still, I will just run over a few of the most likely to see the post, and also supply the winner. China Cock undoubtedly will again attempt to lift the trophy, and really, taking into consideration his brilliant form over this particular course, it is difficult to find where his conqueror is to spring from. Sun Yat will be a hard nut to crack if started, and should have the best of Nassau; I cannot say I have much fancy for Santair, Honeywood, or Wrack. Cheerful is not out of it, and if seen at the post must be kept on the right side. Mohacz, since securing the Windsor September Handicap, has been doing useful gallops, and if he is R. Dawson's selected I shall have him on my side. Arda made such an example of Lanius and Hapsburg in the Limekiln Stakes at Newmarket a fortnight ago that she must come seriously into consideration; and so must Green Falcon. Glorvina is a speedy filly, and may be Mr. G. Lambton's best, and will be dangerous, whilst William's Pride should run well. Junior was made a hot favourite for the Summer Cup here, and he now meets China Cock—the winner then—on 6lbs. better terms. Still, the first-named, although finishing third on that occasion, was beaten fairly easily, therefore I do not anticipate his turning the tables on this occasion. In taking one now I should pick

MOHACZ

with a run, and Cheerful will be the saving clause.

At Lincoln, on Monday: Diadumenos, the Great Tom Plate; and Curly Coat, the Blankney Nursery. On Tuesday: Stoke Dabernon, the Lincoln Autumn Handicap; on Wednesday, Lilydale c., the Knowsley Nursery; and on Thursday, Sydian, the Witherslack Plate.

BLACKSTONE.

IN STAGELAND.

The past week has been one of noteworthy revivals, and one "new and original" play. The first of the revivals was dainty "Miss Hook of Holland" at the Prince of Wales's. In pointed contrast to several recent reproductions, only a solitary member of the original cast—Miss Gracie Leigh, quaint and overflowing as of yore in her diverting rôle of Mina—was to be found. Miss Phyllis Dare is a new and admirable "Miss Hook," and, altogether, Paul Rubens' bright composition should serve the managerial turn very well up to Christmas.

* * *

The second revival—that of "A Country Girl," at Daly's—also serves to bring back to us a very old favourite in Miss Gertie Millar. But for Hayden Coffin we have Robert Michaelis (with a wonderful topical ditty all about seaplanes and sailor-men), for Ethel Irving we have Mabel Sealby, for Rutland Barrington's dusky Rajah we have Leedham Bantock—and for Act II. we have crinolines and peg-top trousers instead of Directoire gowns! "Under the Deodar" has lost none of its tunefulness, W. H. Berry is an excruciating "Barry," and I was especially impressed with Miss Clara Butterworth's beautiful voice in the ballad, "Plenty of love in the world." It is, indeed, hard to realise that Messrs. Tanner and Monckton's pretty all-English piece is already thirteen years of age.

* * *

Of British dramatic authors at present in New York, or on their way back, are Henry Arthur Jones, Louis N. Parker, A. E. W. Mason, Jerome K. Jerome, and (I believe) Cyril Harcourt, whose "Pair of Silk Stockings" is a big success at New York's Little Theatre. Is there something slightly rotten in the state of things that permits such thoroughly British plays as Parker's "Copperfield" and Jones's "The Betrayal" to be staged first on the other side of the pond? But doubtless contracts and the good old war must accept the responsibility for this, as for many other things.

If one may institute the comparison, Louis Calvert dominates the action of "The New Shylock" as much as Cyril Maude dominates the action of "Grumpy." Mr. Calvert is an actor too rarely seen in London, and he has a rôle after his own heart in Mr. Scheffauer's Ghetto play at the Lyric. The character is that of an old Russian Jew pawnbroker practising in New York, whose daughter has an affair with a young Christian of "good intentions." Starting on a mean and sordid note, Mr. Calvert works up to a pitch of remarkable intensity, and the picture that he draws of this unforgettable old Hebrew, struck me as one of the most memorable pieces of stage portraiture of our time.

In the small but efficient cast of eight persons, Miss Madge Titheradge takes second honours to Mr. Calvert for her moving study of the daughter. Miss Edyth Olive is also admirable as her stepmother, and Lionel Atwill the essence of breeziness as her Gentile lover. But Louis Calvert's Simon is a *tour de force*.

* * *

Wanted, a tenant for the Playhouse! Mr. Alfred Turner, who has been Cyril Maude's right-hand man for twenty years, showed me a cablegram just received for the latter *en route* for America and Canada, whence he doesn't emerge for two years. Mr. Turner—who, I am bound to say, is an incorrigible pessimist as regards the immediate future of theatrical "biz" in England—also told me that the last week of "Grumpy" was played to a profit of nearly £150, after allowing fair salaries for Mr. Maude and company, and that nobody was "docked" of *any* salary. Bravo!

* * *

A slip of the pen made me say that Miss Gladys Cooper "created" the part in "Milestones" now being played by Miss Elsom. Of course she didn't. It is a treat to see Dennis Eadie again in his memorable characterisation, or rather series of characterisations, at the Royalty, and he is excellently supported by the majority of those concerned.

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URSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

"The last thing Arthur did was to kiss me."
"When will he be buried?"

* * *

She: "Do you think marriage a failure?"
He: "No, only a temporary embarrassment."

* * *

Phyllis: "I'm surprised at her using eau-de-Cologne, as her husband a soldier, too."
Una: "Well, you see it's a case of family pride. Her people are colonials."

* * *

"In what shape did notoriety come to him?"
"The eternal triangle!"

* * *

Daughter: "I love him. He's the light of my life."
Father: "That's all right, but I object to having my house lit up by him after midnight."

* * *

She: "No, I can't accept you, but I will give you a place in my heart, Bertie."
He: "Thanks, but I can't stand a crowd."

* * *

Adjutant: "How often have I told you the duties of a non-commissioned officer consist in implicit obedience to orders. For instance, if I were to say, 'Corporal, send your men up to the top of that tree,' don't ask 'why?' but do it like a flash of lightning, even if it keeps you all day."

* * *

She: "Why are you so sarcastic? There are lots of men who never want to marry."
He: "I know. I've proposed to dozens of them."

* * *

"How did you get on last night after you left the club? You were rather gay, weren't you?"
"Oh, I went straight home—like a streak of lightning, I see. Zig-zag!"

* * *

THEN HE TOOK THE HINT.

She: "I don't want you to put yourself out in any way. But—but I think I hear father coming, and—and I wouldn't like him to do it for you, would you?"

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

* * *

IN STYLE.

Mrs. Crabshaw: I see that many of the American tourists, in their rush to get home, were obliged to leave most of their clothing behind them.
Mr. Crabshaw: Umph! I don't think that would embarrass you women very much. —*Puck.*

WAR TERM.
"Retiring in disorder."—*Puck*

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